

WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 25—VOL. XVI.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1864.

NO. 315

THE RIGID FATHER.

[CONTINUED.]

"OH my dear, my honored father?" stammered the son, and sank down on his knees, as if oppressed with a weighty burden. At the same instant Augusta exclaimed—"Your father!" and, clasping the old man's hand, dropped on her knees before him likewise. The word—"father! father!" was all they could utter; and I seemed to hear the heavenly spirits singing—"Peace and good-will towards men." The two children, when they saw their parents kneeling and in tears, came and clung round their mother.

My brother suddenly disengaged his hands from the grasp of his children, who kissed and bathed them with their tears, and raising them towards heaven, exclaimed—"My son! my daughter! O, Father of Mercy!" Thus he remained for a moment with uplifted hands; then said—"O, my son! can you forgive me?"

The son and daughter threw their arms with transport around him. Now swelled his heart, and beat with pure affection, and his eyes dissolved in tears of joy.

"O, my dear Charles!" exclaimed he again, "forgive me: forgive thy too rigid, thy unjust father!"

His son and Augusta stopped his mouth with kisses. At length the tumult of joy and transport somewhat subsided, and now came the inquiries—"Why did you not tell me he was my father?"—"Why did you conceal from me that she was my daughter?"

I explained the riddle as well as I was able, but, as you may suppose, with proper caution and delicacy with respect to my brother-in-law. A scene not little affecting soon after followed. My brother took the little ones in his arms, and kissed them.

"That is your grandfather," said the mother to the girl.

"Is he dead, then, mother?" asked the child.

The mother blushed; the child repeated the question, adding—

"For you always told me that when he was dead—Is he dead, then?"

My brother looked at me, set the child down on the ground, and I could clearly see he had conceived the harshest suspicion. I hastily took his hand, led him to a chair and placed the little girl on his knee.

"Well," said I to the child, and when your grandfather was dead, what was to happen then? What did your mother tell you?"

"Then," answered the child, innocently, "then my mother said that I should kiss my grandfather's hand and his lips, when he was dead, and tell him how much I loved him, and how much my father loved him, and my mother too, and Augustus too."

"And why was not this to be till he was dead?"

"Oh!" said the child, "my mother always told me that I should love my grandfather dearly, he was so good, and had done so much for us; and that all that my father, and mother, and my grandmother, and I, and Augustus, had, all came from my grandfather; and then I loved him dearly, and often asked my mother, when he

would come. And then my mother cried, and said—"He lives a long way off from here; but, if you are a good girl, you shall go and see him when he is dead, and kiss his hand and his lips, and so will your father, and so will we all; and we will kneel down before him, and pray that, now he is in heaven, he will love us as much as we loved him." That was what my mother used to say."

"Oh! my dear, my dearest daughter!" exclaimed my brother starting up; "God forgive me for having forced you to say this!"

He clasped his son to his breast, then his daughter, then the children, and then us all. I perceived his feelings were too powerful for him long to support them, unless the scene were changed, and I led him into another apartment. When we were alone, he fell on my neck, and said—

"Oh, brother! brother! what a man I have been! Oh; can you still love me? Can you ever love me more?"

See, dear Bernstorff! I have softened this rugged heart. Now I am satisfied. Now let misfortune, let death come, I am prepared!

Suspicion, however, to which he had been so much accustomed, was not yet entirely eradicated from his heart: for the next day he seemed to listen to every word, and watch every motion of every person in the family. But the affection of his children was so open, so apparent in every word and action, so incontestably sincere, that he could not refrain from exclaiming—

"Artless sincerity and genuine affection indeed reign here! Oh, that I were again rich!"

"Are you not rich, brother?" said I, with a smile. "Did you ever possess, amid all your wealth, the treasure of affection as you do now?"

"True," said he, raising his hands, "then I was a wretched beggar; now am I truly rich!"

I am now preparing to end this pleasant drama with a scene of show and parade, such as you have seen entertainments on the stage conclude with: after which I will come to you at Hamburg; and we shall, I hope, be no more separated, till I either die in your arms, or close your eyes. Farewell.

LETTER XXIX.

M. RICHTER TO M. BERNSTORFF.

Plauenberg.

YOU are stripped of all your sovereign honors, and are no longer the great landlord of Plauenberg and its vicinity. I have re-entered into my rights, have thrown off all disguise, and stand confessed, in all my greatness, the object of general wonder. I will tell you how I managed all this.

Notice having been formally sent round to all the tenants that the lord of the manor, Mr. Bernstorff (that is yourself you know,) was to come the next day to hold a court, the greatest preparations were made, and all the servants at the manor house were dressed in the state liveries. I had thought the furniture not sufficiently splendid and procured a cart-load of more magnificent moveables to be sent down and put in its place. I dressed myself in my uniform, though I fear I

looked too much like an old fool, and ordered the tenants to be summoned. They were ushered up the broad stair-case by servants in rich laced liveries. The folding doors flew open, and there stood I with all possible magnificence and gravity, though it was with the utmost difficulty that I refrained from laughing aloud at their surprise and perplexity. My heart exulted with the consciousness of the benevolence of my intention; but I was, at the same time, half ashamed of the ridiculous part of the scene I was acting.

I now gave my nephew the instrument by which I bequeathed on him and his heirs for ever the manor of Plauenberg, with all the lands, tenements, hereditaments, stables, barns, out-houses, water courses, drains, sinks, and I know not what else, appertaining there to. He read with a kind of ludicrous amazement, looking first at the parchment and then at me.

"I cannot comprehend!" said he. "What!—Plauenberg! Plauenberg yours!—Dear uncle!—And you!"

"Yes, mine!"

"But where is Mr. Bernstorff?—Is not he lord of these manors?"

"I am Mr. Bernstorff—at least he only acted for me."

"Children," said I, afterwards, "I will explain every thing to you more fully hereafter; at present he satisfied that Plauenberg is mine—I mean that it is yours, for I have most freely given it you. I am rich; very rich. I and Bernstorff, my dear and most valued friend! rescued Augusta from the hands of Schocher; and you, Charles, from the snares of the Willmans." Yes, I may say I have done all that has been done, and that you owe all to me. And now, my children, rejoice without doubting; and take Plauenberg, or rather keep it; for I am convinced from your conduct, during the four years of the probation I exacted from you, when economy and industry secured your happiness, that even wealth will not corrupt you."

All now rushed to embrace me, one after the other, old Judith not excepted, for I had purposely sent for her from Lunenburg to be present at this scene.

"And pray," said she, "brother, whose is that fine coach and four: is that yours too?"

"Yes, Judith; and now it is at your service."

"Oh, my good gracious!" cried she, clapping her hands and dancing about for joy: "then I will go back in it to Lunenburg; and I'll drive by the door of that proud minx, my impudent niece, too; that I will."

"Ah! Judith, Judith!" said I, "will you never learn to forgive those who trespass against you?"

All the peasants and servants were now told that the day was to be set apart to mirth and jollity. We had a plentiful dinner in the great hall, beer ale and wine were given away in profusion, and in the evening we had a dance. I asked my brother whether I should re-establish him in trade; but he declined my offer, and, throwing himself into the arms of his daughter-in-law, said—"Here will I learn to live and love."

[To be Concluded in our next]

FROM A YOUNG LADY TO HER FRIEND THE DAY PREVIOUS TO HER MARRIAGE.

TO-MORROW!—yes, Eliza, to-morrow, wind tide, and my mind serving, I quit the bleak and barren shore of Maidenland, and embarked on the sea of uncertainty, for the continent of Matrimony. As our course lies by the Cape of Good Hope, we have no certain compass to steer by; especially as its variations of late have been many. We must therefore trust to the strength of our vessel.

"The prosperous fate of former adventurers has induced us to explore foreign climes, in search, perhaps, of imaginary treasures. I confess I have many fears; I know Terra Incognita is a dangerous region to wander in; and we have seen many settlements made there at great expence, that have proved hardly worth keeping. No more the soothing breezes of flattery shall waft my barge and swell my sails!

"Pray for me, Eliza, that I may be preserved from the shoals and quick-sands of pride and jealousy, that I may neither split on the rocks of imprudence, be lashed by the waves of censure, nor chilled with the cold blasts of indifference; that I may never be tempted by my enemies to traffic in contraband goods, but exchanging largely in the article affection, in lieu of gentle offices, I may have frequent returns of gratitude and love; that without crowding my sails, or expecting to reach the Happy Islands, while tost on the waves of Time, I may suffer its tide to convey me gently into the quiet haven of Content.

A letter from Dr. Franklin to Miss Hubbard, on the death of his brother Mr. John Franklin.

I condole with you. We have lost a most dear and valuable relation. But it is the will of God and nature, that these mortal bodies be laid aside, when the soul is to enter into real life. This is rather an embryo state, a preparation for living. A man is not completely born until he be dead. Why then should we grieve that a new child is born among the immortals—a new member added to their happy society? We are spirits: that bodies should be lent us, while they can afford us pleasure, assist us in acquiring knowledge, or doing good to our fellow creatures, is a kind and benevolent act of God. When they become unfit for these purposes, and afford us pain instead of pleasure, instead of an aid, become an incumbrance, and answer none of the intentions for which they were given, it is equally kind and benevolent that a way is provided by which we may get rid of them. Death is that way. We ourselves, in some cases, prudently choose a partial death. A mangled painful limb, which cannot be restored, we unwillingly cut off. He who plucks out a tooth, parts with it freely, since the pain goes with it: and he who quits the whole body, parts at once with all pain, and possibilities of pains and diseases, it was liable to, or capable of making him suffer.

Our friend and we were invited abroad on a party of pleasure, which is to last forever. His chaise was ready first, and he is gone before us. We could not all conveniently start together: and why should you and I be grieved at this, since we are soon to follow, and know where to find him? Adieu.

SCRAP.

The soul of man may be considered as the ruin of a glorious pile of building, where, amidst great heaps of rubbish, you meet with noble fragments of sculpture, broken pillars and obelisks, and a magnificence in confusion.

THE DOG BAULKED OF HIS DINNER.

A TALE.

THINK yourself sure of nothing till you've got it:
This is the lesson of the day.
In metaphoric language I might say,
Count not your bird before you've shot it.
Quoth proverb, "'Twixt the cup and lip
There's many a slip."

Not every guest invited sits at table,
A man once gave a dinner to his friend;
His friend!—his patron I should rather think,
By all the loads of meat and drink,
And fruits and jellies without end,
Sent home the morning of the feast,
Jowler, his dog, a social beast,
Soon as he smelt the matter out, away
Scampers to old acquaintance Tray,
And with expressions kind and hearty,
Invites him to the party.

Tray wanted little pressing to a dinner;
He was, in truth, a gormandizing sinner.
He lick'd his chops and wag'd his tail;
Dear friend! (he cried) I will not fail:
But What's your hour?
We dine at four;
But if you come an hour too soon,
You'll find there's something to be done.

His friend withdrawn, Tray, full of glee,
As blithe as blithe could be,
Skip, danc'd, and play'd full many an antic,
Like one half-frantic;
Then sober in the sun lay winking,
But could not sleep for thinking.
He thought o'er every dainty dish,
Fried, boil'd, and roast,
Flesh, fowl, and fish,
With tripe and toast,
Fit for a dog to eat;
And in his fancy made a treat,
Might grace a bill of fare
For my Lord Mayor.

At length, just on the stroke of three,
Forth sallied he;
And thro' a well-known hole
He stily stole
Pop on the scene of action.
Here beheld with wonderful satisfaction,
All hands employ'd in drazing stuffing,
Scowering spitting, and basting,
The red-fac'd cook sweating and puffing,
Chopping, mixing, and tasting,
Tray skulk'd about, now here now there,
And peep'd in this, and smelt at that,
And lick'd the gravy and the fat,
And cried, O rare! how shall I fare!

But Fortune, spiteful as Old Nick,
Resolv'd to play our dog a trick.
She made the cook
Just cast a look,
Where Tray beneath the dresser lying,
His promis'd bliss was eyeing.

A cook while cooking is a sort of fury;
A maxim worth remembering, I assure ye.
Tray found it true,
And so may you,

If e'er you choose to try.
How now! (quoth she) what's this I spy?
A nasty cur! who let him in?
Would he were hang'd with all his kin!
A pretty kitchen guest indeed!
But I shall pack him off with speed.

Thus saying, on poor Tray she flew,
And dragg'd the culprit forth to view;
Then, to his terror and amazement,
Whirl'd him like lightning thro' the casement.

MAXIM.—HEARKEN to the warnings of
Conscience, if you would not feel its wounds.

ANECDOTES.

THE Rev. Mr. Buckley, of Colchester, (Con.) was famous in his day, as a casuist, and a sage counsellor. A church, in his neighborhood, had fallen into unhappy divisions and contentions, which they were unable to adjust among themselves. They deputed one of their members, to the venerable Buckley, for his advice, with a request that he would send it to them in writing. The matters were taken into consideration, and the advice with much deliberation committed to writing. It so happened that Mr. Buckley had a farm in an extreme part of the town, upon which he intrusted a tenant, (for in those days it was no sin for a clergyman to own lands, and other property, provided he came honestly by them.) It was necessary for Mr. Buckley to give some directions to his tenant; in superscribing the two letters, the one for the church was directed to the tenant, and the one for the tenant, to the church. The church was convened to hear the advice which was to settle all their disputes. The moderator read as follows.—"Ye will see to the repair of the fences, that they be built high and strong, and you will take special care of the old Black Bull." This mystical advice puzzled the church at first; but an interpreter among the more discerning ones was soon found, who said—"Brethren, this is the very advice which we need. The direction to repair the fences is to admonish us to take good heed in the admission and government of our members. We must guard the church by our Master's laws, and keep out strange cattle from the fold. And we must in a very particular manner set a watchful guard over the Devil, the Black Bull, who has done us so much hurt of late."

All perceived the wisdom and fitness of Mr. Buckley's advice, and resolved to be governed by it. The consequence was, all their animosities subsided, and peace and harmony were restored to the long afflicted church.

A Musician named Larenti, lately precipitated himself from a four pair of stairs window, at Paris, and was killed on the spot. The cause of this desperate act was excess of love for a young woman who was resolutely cruel. The scraper of Catcut forgot the prudent reflection of the enamored Damon:

"That a lover forsaken
A new love may get;
But a neck when once broken
Can never be set.

AN irregular apprentice frequently keeping late hours, his master, at length, took occasion to apply some weighty arguments to convince him of the "error of his ways." During the chastisement, he continually exclaimed "How long will you serve the Devil?" The boy replied, whimpering—"you know best sir—I believe my indentures will be out in THREE MONTHS.

OBSERVATION.

HONEST industry, says a sensible writer, is sadly out of fashion. Our dashing men of spirit hate slow, creeping ways of acquiring property. They must strike some capital stroke—set fortune, integrity, happiness, every valuable consideration, upon once chance, and either become great people, or, in their own language, nothing. The spirit of rash adventure is one of the features of the times, and is derived from that fatal system, which despises the bounds of propriety, and laughs at the dictates of conscience.

ON SATURDAY.

*MY wife's manners gentle, pure and kind,
An honest heart, a most ingenious mind;
Deauteous and gay, domestic without vice;
And but one fault; indeed she's over nice—
Mops, pails, and brushes, dusters, mats and soap,
And sceptres of controul, her joy, her hope.
Each day we scrub and scower, our yard and limb,
And on the Saturday, ye gods, we swim.*

NEW-YORK, JUNE 23, 1804.

THE number of Deaths in this City, for the week ending on Saturday last, according to the City Clerk's report, are, Adults 17—Children 7—Total 24.

We are informed that dispatches have been sent on to government respecting the conduct of the British officers toward the Pitt from Greenock, accompanied by the protest of the health and revenue officers of the port: as also affidavits proving the disrespectful and contemptuous terms in which the government of the United States, its laws and officers were spoken of at the time. The pilots it is said were ordered from on board the British vessels; writs issued against their commanders to be served should they be found on shore; and an order given by the Mayor to capt. Campbell, of the Pitt, on capt. Bradley, of the Cambrian, to deliver up the men impressed. In the mean time we are informed that the Pitt cannot be suffered to enter at the custom house, till these matters are adjusted.

We are informed that the men impressed from the Pitt, are restored. The British Consul capt. Barclay, on application from the Mayor, on the subject stated that he did not possess authority over the vessel of war, but wrote to capt. Bradley, of the Cambrian, on the subject, recommending that the men should be immediately delivered up. This recommendation was accordingly complied with.

A letter from Cadiz, of the 26th of April, contains the following interesting news. We have seen the original, and know it to be from a respectable quarter.

"I am apprehensive this country and Portugal will not long remain neutral. There is a serious misunderstanding between them and court of London. The British Minister at Madrid no longer appears at Court, and is waiting the result of his complaints which he has forwarded to England. Sweden Denmark and Russia are in coalition against France, in consequence, it is said, of a discovery that the threatened invasion of England was only held up to view in order to obtain a favorable opportunity of going against those powers."

Two of the United States frigates, the Congress and the President, anchored at St. Mary's North of the Potomac, on the 14th inst. where they were to take in their guns. The President was to proceed to Hampton Roads for a new bowsprit.

The French ship Africaine, formerly the sloop of War Herald, in the United States service, captured some time since by the English brig Gerrard off Charleston bar was on the 28th ult. in the District Court of the United States, held at Charleston determined to be a lawful prize to the captors. The French troops were landed from her the day following.

THE CAMBRIAN AND THE DRIVER.

We have just conversed with the owner of the ship Enterprize, who lately arrived in that vessel from Guadaloupe. This gentleman communicates the following information.

The Enterprize, capt. Robert Thompson, was brought too and boarded off the Island Deseda by the Lieutenant and boat's crew of the Cambrian frigate now in our harbor. The Lieutenant remarked that they had got a bad name for impressing American Seamen, but that they were really obliged to impress, not being well manned when they left Europe. It appears, however by reinforcements consisting of impressed American Seamen, they were now well manned and therefore not one of the crew of the Enterprize was torn from her by British violence.—While the British Lieutenant was in the cabin of the Enterprize some one of the boat's crew of the Cambrian gave two letters to one of the hands of the Enterprize and said they were from two Americans on board the Cambrian who had been pressed, and that there were then on board the same vessel fifty impressed American Seamen! The letters are now in the possession of capt. Thompson of the Enterprize, lately arrived in this port.

SUICIDE.

The Rev. JOHN BAYSON, formerly Minister at Fitchburg, in this country, aged 59 years, on the 22d ultimo. at that place, put an end to his existence, dy swallowing a large quantity of Arsenic, and afterwards cutting his throat in a most dreadful manner. He expired within a few hours—His son, Mr. JOHN BAYSON, aged about 25, also died the succeeding week. The elder Mr. BAYSON, has for many years, been in a state of intermittent, frenzied insanity. He was a man of ardent, brilliant, and refined genius, of undoubted honor and integrity, and high respectability in his profession, before the unfortunate event, which distributed his reason.

Verbal accounts from Liverpool, state that on the 18th of April, a report prevailed that the French were preparing to go against Denmark, and that the Danes had raised an army of one hundred thousand men to oppose them.

CHARLESTON, June 3.

On Sunday night, the 27th ult. between the hours of eleven and twelve o'clock, Mr. Richard Johnson, planter, of St. Paul's parish, hearing a considerable noise among his hogs, adjacent to the house, went out to learn the cause; when he was immediately shot dead upon the spot, receiving several shot in different parts of his body. The perpetrator of this deed is supposed to be a fellow belonging to Mr. Johnson, who has absconded for some time past. We are concerned to state that Mr. Johnson has left an affectionate wife and five children to lament the irreparable loss.

LONDON, April 18.

An overland dispatch arrived yesterday at the India House. A private letter by this conveyance gives an interesting detail of another important battle fought on the 29th of last November, which was followed by a complete victory, attended with very inconsiderable loss on our part. Though the general account is certainly very accurate, yet some confusion appears in the detail, which must be attributed to the hurry of the writer.

The Public are respectfully informed, that owing to the unsettled weather, S. SHAPTER'S Benefit Concert advertised for last evening, is postponed until Tuesday evening. June 26.

COURT OF HYMEN.

*When fortune frowns, and friends forsake,
A loving Wife still cheers us;
Our griefs or rapture's she'll partake;
Distresses but endear us.*

MARRIED.

On Wednesday the 6th inst. at Jamaica, (L. I.) by the Rev. Mr. Faintoute, Mr. John Bancker, jun. to Mrs. Mary Van Landt, both of this city.

On Thursday evening the 14th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Livingston, Mr. John Fleming, to Miss Ellen Bicker, daughter of Col. Walter Bicker, all of this city.

Same evening, by the Rev. Dr. Rodgers, Mr. Peter Chalmers, to Miss Sarah Anderson, late of Philadelphia.

On Tuesday Evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Strebeck, Mr. William Pratman, to Mrs. Susannah Chapman both of this city.

DIED.

At Philadelphia, WILLIAM SAVERY, an eminent and faithful preacher of the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, among the people called Quakers. This loss of this devout and pious man, will be lamented by sincere hearted Christians of all denominations, amongst whom he labored, and by whom he was deservedly and greatly beloved.

Will be Published on Monday next, and for sale at this office, the interesting

NOVEL
of the

RIGID FATHER;

OR,

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COURT OF APOLLO.

THE FAIR MANIAC.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "PEASANT'S FATE."

ALACK! my sweet ladies! your anguish I see
O dry up that tear!—Did you shed it for me?—
D'ye miss the carnation, that bloom'd on my cheek?
The ringlet, that play'd on my shoulder to seek?—
The blue bell, that flourish'd so fair in my eye?
And dimples, were Rapture and Innocence lie?
Fear not! the fond heart now flutters and burns,
All these will return when my lover returns.

For, you know, I've a lover—but far, far away;
Vast seas roll between us, and wild tempests sway!
Alone, in the wilderness, thoughtful he roves,
Or plucks the gilt citron in India's gay groves:
O spare him, ye tigers, that crouch in the shade!
Ye serpents that hiss in the untrodden glade;
He'll prove faithful wherever he be;
His affections are fix'd—he has fix'd them on me.

Then why did he wander and leave me behind?—
Inconstant and fickle as ocean or wind,
Indeed it was cruel to cause me to mourn:
Why? why should my parents forbid his return?
But softly his promise he'll never forget,
When he bade me farewell in the garden so sweet—
Yes—yes! he'll return, and he'll crown me his
queen.

With a garland of myrtle, and jessamine green.

O dear, I'm so pale that you know me not now;
The roses are faded that wav'd on my brow,
While the lily alone on my cheek is display'd,
And my heart sinks adown, with its sorrows o'er-
weigh'd.

But, ah, I forgot; did you ask me my name?
I've chang'd it; 'Tis Lovely; now call me the same.
Poor Lovely! mind that in the moment of gloom,
And check your gay pastimes to think upon me.

Yet when shalt I see your face again?
Your lovely will shortly be rid of her pain;
Again the carnation shall bloom on her cheek;
The ringlet shall play on her shoulder to seek;
The blue bell shall flourish afresh in her eye,
Which tears of young rapture shall amply supply;
And, though her fond bosom now flutters and burns,
You'll all wish her joy when her lover returns!

ANECDOTE.

A bricklayer's laborer being at work on the roof of the chapel at Westminster Abbey, while the choristers were chaunting their vespers, asked his master what all that noise was about? "Why, you villain, (replied his master) they are saying their prayers."—"The devil they are, (returned the fellow) it's in a queer way though. You would think it strange if I should sing to you now,

O Jonathan Howell,
Pray lend me your trowel!

instead of saying, Master be pleased to lend me your trowel."

SELECT CLASSES.

THE Subscriber proposes to begin a course of Geography and History, with the use of the Globes, on the 14th of this month, for Young Ladies, at his Academy, No. 19 Partition-street. This class to meet in the morning from 6 to 8. Another class from 11 till 1. In addition to 8, geography there will be given exercises in Grammar, Composition and Elocution, in order to complete an elegant English Education.

May 12. 1--1f. J. KAY.

FOUND on Monday last a POCKET BOOK, whose owner has lost the same may have it by proving property and applying at this Office. May 5, 1804.

MORALIST.

BENEVOLENCE

"Wide as the fan his bright dominion spreads,
"Heav'n's born benevolence her bounty sheds,
"She, meek-eyed goddess, quits th' angelic sphere
"To banish grief, and dry the human tear."

BENEVOLENCE is a virtue, the most amiable in its nature, and beneficial in its effects. It sheds diffusive lustre wherever it is exercised. Its cheering influence eulivens the gloomy habitation of sorrow, makes glad some the way of the afflicted, relieves the sorrows of the unfortunate, wipes the big swollen tear from the furrowed cheek of grief, and administers a healing balm to the wounds of the distressed.

Benevolence, at the same time it tends to individual happiness, promotes the common good. Were all men actuated by a spirit of philanthropy, there would be an end to broils and dissensions. Instead of wars, factions, and disturbances in communities, we should see mankind united as brethren, and mutually reciprocating good offices. All motives of self interest would be absorbed in the more generous desires of increasing the general welfare. Peace would extend her "olive wand," and under her mild reign, the great family of man would enjoy security and happiness.

No longer would the poor cry for bread in the streets. The unfortunate widow, in the day of her affliction, would no longer be destitute of a helper, and the mild voice of charity would become responsive, to the plaintive wail of the orphan. Reason would usurp the place of passion, and man no longer seeking revenge in his neighbor's suffering, would bury all wrongs in oblivion, and forgive even the seventy seventh offence.

Not only should benevolence be employed, in relieving the misfortunes of others, but in forming an opinion of their actions and character. Too liable are we in our judgments of persons, to be swayed by prejudice or partiality. Too often it is the case, that the innocent suffer by rash and inconsiderate determinations.

When we consider the frailty of our natures, and how cautious we ought to be of injuring another's good reputation, we shall find it more for our mutual convenience to forgive, than to censure, and instead of depreciating another's merit, to draw the mantle of charity o'er the imperfections of a brother.

LIQUID BLACKING

TICE's improved shining liquid blacking for boots and shoes and all leather that requires to be kept black, is universally allowed the best ever offered to the public, it never corrodes nor cracks the leather but renders it soft, smooth and beautiful to the last, and never soils. Black morocco that has lost its lustre is restored equal to new by the use of this blacking. Sold wholesale, retail, and for exportation, by J. Tice, at his perfumery store, No. 136 William-street, and by G. Camp No. 143 Pearl-street, where all orders will be thankfully received, and immediately executed.

To prevent counterfeits, the directions on every bottle will be signed J. TICE, in writing, without which they are not genuine.

J. Tice has likewise for sale, a general assortment of perfumery of the first quality. Dec. 17.

LITERARY ACADEMY.

E. ELY respectfully informs his friends and the public that he has removed his ACADEMY from No. 4 Front, to No. 46 Partition-street, where he will continue to instruct young gentlemen in the languages, and several branches of useful and polite Literature. Mr. ELY will open a MORNING SCHOOL for young ladies in Geography, Lectures on the use of the Globes, Grammar, &c. Hours of attendance from 6 to 8, A. M.

Mrs. NICHOLS

HAS removed from No. 102 William-street, to No. 7 Maiden-lane, where she carries on the Millinery and Mantua making business. SILK POLICES made in the most fashionable manner, at the shortest notice. SPLIT STRAW, CHIP, LEGHORN, and DUNSTABLE HATS altered and bleached to look equal to new. May 26, 1804. 803--17.

CARPETS AND CARPETING.

BANKER & MOORE,

No 198 BROADWAY.

HAVE just received and offer for sale 13 bales of in grained and common Carpeting—Also a very handsome assortment of the following articles, which they will dispose of on reasonable terms:

4-4, 5-4, 6-4 and 7-4 white, black, and colored Silk Shawls, Elegant Damask Triangular Silk shawls, Fine French Cambrics, Long Lawns, Fine undressed Irish Linens, Common ditto, Irish and Flemish Sheetings, Russia and Irish Dispers, Table Cloths, Marcellies Quills and Cotton Counterpanes, White, black, and colored Silk Hosi, hand-d and plain clocks,

White, black, and colored Cotton Hosi, English and French long and short Silk Gloves, Picnic Gloves and Mitts, White and colored extra long French Kid Gloves, White and colored half Silk Hosi, Fine black Bombazets and Bombazettes, Tortoise Shell and Ivory Stick Spanglers and plain Fans, Black and colored Cape and common ditto, Scarlet, blue, yellow and chocolate Bandannas, Black Crapes, Modes, Pelongs and Saricets, English, French, Italian and Dutch Lunnings, Green Parasols, netted fringe.

Fancy ditto, also hand, Tamboured and plain Moll Moll stuffs, Figured and plain Cambric Mullins, Rattiers, Callimacrees, Shalpoons, Moreens, Taboreen and Wildbores,

Fine German Bed Bunts, Brown Hollands, Furniture Chintz and Calicoes, English and Dutch Laces and edgings, Elegant Lace Cap Crowns, Black Pattern Laces, Lace Cloaks and Clock Patterns, Triangular Lace Shawls, Superfine Chintzes and Calicoes, Furniture and Petticoat Dimities, Superfine and common Cloths and Casimers, White and colored Marcellies, Blue Nankens, And a variety of other Haple and fancy articles.

April 28, 1804.

798-1f

TO THE LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.

W. S. TURNER, SURGEON DENTIST

Respectfully acquaints the ladies and gentlemen of this city that he practices in all the various branches of his profession. He fits Artificial Teeth with such uncommon nicety as to answer all the useful purposes of nature, and of so neat an appearance that it is impossible to discern them from real ones. His method of cleaning the Teeth is allowed to add every possible elegance to the finest set, without giving the least pain, or incurring the slightest injury to the enamel. In the most raging Tooth-ache he can truly say, that his Tincture has very seldom failed in removing the torture; but if the decay is beyond the power of remedy, his attention is extracting the tooth, and indeed of decayed teeth in general, (from considerable study and practice) is attended with infinite ease and safety.

Mr. Turner will wait on any Lady or Gentleman, at their respective houses, or he may be consulted at No. 12 Dey-Street, where may be had, with directions, his Anticorbutive Tooth Powder, a most innocent preparation of his own, from Chemical and medical experience. It has been in great esteem the last ten years, and is considered as pleasant in its application, as it is excellent in its effect; it renders the teeth smooth and white, braces the gums, makes them healthy, red and firm, prevents decay, tooth-ache, that accumulation of tartar, (so much destructive to the teeth and gums) and imparts to the breath a most delectable sweetness.

Sold by appointment of the proprietor, at G. & R. White's Patent Medicine Warehouse and Bookstore No. 64 Maiden-lane.

January 20, 1804.

798-1f.

NEW-YORK,

PRINTED AND EDITED

BY JOHN HARRISSON, No. 3 PECK-SLIP.

One Dollar and Fifty Cents per annum.